

PERFECT SKIN COMFORT

For Baby and others follows the use of Comfort Powder. Chafing, itching, rashes, skin irritations and soreness all disappear like magic under its influence.



Comfort Powder is a skillfully medicated Toilet Powder which is more like ordinary Talcum Powders than cream is like skinned milk, being perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin and possessing unequalled healing and soothing power. For twenty years Comfort Powder has been considered the standard of perfection by thousands of New England physicians, nurses and mothers who use no other.

Be sure you get "COMFORT" POWDER. Box with Baby's Head and Trained Nurse.

HAT AND COIFFURE.

A Hairdressing Hint Just Arrived From Gay Paris.

THE "BILL" POSSUM MASCOT.

Mrs. Philip Lydig's Lamp Shade Hat. Stationery Used by the Smart Suffragette and a Dainty Ice For Bridge Party—Summer Frocks.

My Dear Elsie—It certainly was sweet of you, dear, to say you enjoyed that Barre-Adams gush. But then I counted on your good nature when I selfishly unloaded my enthusiasm upon you. Blessed be friendship! And how many sines are committed in its name! Now, I'm going to give you a Roosevelt square deal by way of reparation—a hairdressing hint just arrived from Paris. Yesterday afternoon while waiting at M. X's to have my hair treated my attention was attracted by the entrance of a fashionably dressed woman, followed by a French maid bearing a large, round tin box. My first thought was, "It's Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has just come from the safe deposit vaults, and she's preparing to take herself, stocks, bonds and securities out of democratic America over to dear aristocratic Europe." Nothing of the kind. Any other instance of my imagination goes horribly wrong for the round "tin" proved to be merely the latest kind of hat box and the lady a great unknown. The smart chapeau, you know, must suggest faint odors of one's favorite perfume, and tin has been found to retain the fragrance better than the ordinary pasteboard hat.

M. X. looked perfectly nonplussed when Madame announced that she wanted her hair dressed for Alken and added: "I've brought my piazza hat with me. When I get a new hat," she explained, "I always have my hair dressed to fit it, a trick I learned recently in Paris."

She then seated herself, while the maid took from the box a huge, stunning creation of lace and flowers and, standing by her mistress, chapeau in hand, awaited orders.

"Now," commanded madame to the coiffeur artist, who was plainly in the position of taking a lesson in his own art, "take down my hair and brush it." An assistant having done this menial work, madame now took a hand in the actual dressing of the hair. He arranged the pompadour in a low, soft puff over the forehead—which is according to the new mode—and then tied the ends of the hair at the crown of the head with a brown silk string. At this point the maid anchored the hat on her mistress' head with smart pins. If you had only been there, Elsie, to have seen the funny sight madam presented at this moment! A charmingly put up



Ceresota Flour

Is going to know you sooner or later, notwithstanding the many years you have used some other brand.

It will enter your kitchen and turn disappointment into the delights of baking.

Why wait to prove it?

pompadour, topped with a French creation and a long, straight tail of hair hanging down her back. Perfectly oblivious to the humorous side of the situation, madame turned to monsieur with a satisfied air and said, "Now do my back hair." He went to work with the manner of a Corot studying the effect of a bit of foliage coloring.



A SIMPLER EVENING DRESS.

removing occasionally the hat to adjust a puff closer to the brim, but practically all the dressing was done with the hat on. When he finished madame picked up the hat glass and critically examined her head.

"Now, Marie," she said to her maid, "you may unpin my hat and study the hairdressing." Marie did as told. "The next time," blandly explained madame to monsieur, "it will not be necessary to put on the hat before my hair is dressed. Marie will study your work and be able to do it by herself before the hat is pinned on. But the first time a new hat is worn it should always be taken to the hairdresser to have the coiffure adapted to it." And away she went, the maid still carrying the hat for Alken.

I looked at monsieur and laughingly asked, "Was she your first patient?" "Yes, but it's a good idea, and I'm sure madame is only the beginning of the end of a line of such customers." I learned, too, that bangs are coming in again, a fluffy little fringe worn straight across the forehead below the highly perceptible pompadour. This style has been positively forced back on account of the hardening effect produced by hats worn low over the face. And, speaking of hats, after my coiffure lesson I went over to the Plaza to have some tea—no, not tea, for you know I loathe this 5 o'clock pick-me-up—but while dallying with an ice vanilla cream served in a champagne glass and covered with a small pyramid of whipped cream tinted a delicate green with sugar and flavored with pistachio and garnished with pistachio nuts—I'm explaining the connection, for I think it is such an attractive way to serve cream at a bridge, don't you? But what was I talking about? Yes, I know. While enjoying the ice I suddenly looked up and saw what to my astonished gaze appeared to be a perambulating lamp



FROCK OF HOME KINKS.

shade worn by Mrs. Philip Lydig. Instead of being manufactured in Tiffany glass this piece of headgear was produced with strings of enormous cut jet beads forming crown and what there was of the brim, a small projection from which hung a fine fringe of jet that reached almost to the nose of this pretty society matron. The effect of her dark eyes shining through the beads was weird and Turkishesque. Mrs. Lydig has always been famous for her marvelous creations in the millinery line, but since she has gone in for the ballet I thought perhaps she had dropped this sensationalism for one of more vital interest. And, talking of suffragettes, have you seen the literature sent out by the Equal Franchise league, of which Mrs. Clarence Mackay is president and Mrs. Lydig secretary? It's written on the most surprisingly feminine kind of stationery for women to use who yearn to be on equal terms with the stronger sex, daintily typewritten announcements done on the finest lavender paper with

TO GIVE AWAY LAST MILLION

Daniel K. Pearsons Will Then be Poor

YEAR MARKS RETIREMENT

As a Philanthropist—Has Been Giving Out Money for Many Years—Will Be Poor at End of the Year.

Chicago, July 8.—Daniel K. Pearsons, the "Sage of Hinsdale," already famous for his munificent benefactions to the small colleges of this country, has announced that he will devote the remainder of his nineteenth year, to distributing among the various institutions of this city his last million dollars.

This will round out the sum that he always intended Chicago to have, and leave him a relatively poor man when he celebrates his nineteenth birthday anniversary April 14 next. For about a quarter of a century he has devoted the major part of his attention to bestowing his money upon public institutions which he deemed worthy, and has already given away considerably more than \$4,000,000.

A hand wrought border in a white coral design. If their campaign is to be run on the same expensive basis the league will be soon in the hands of a receiver. Possibly, though, the next time you hear from me I will have joined the howling sisterhood, but I find myself thinking I am not bound to make the world go right. I find my time fully employed just now in getting a little dressmaker to make my summer wash frocks go "just right."

There are so many inexpensive materials that make up attractively, and this season the simple gown is the correct thing. This little seamstress is making me a charming rose colored linen dress in princess style. It has a graduated panel front and back and is seamed at the sides to make it fit closely to the figure. The panel is finished on the edge with scalloped done in black wash cotton, and in each scallop is a black crocheted button. It opens to the left of the front under the scalloped edge. The yoke is of cream Irish lace, with a deep circular border of black silk embroidered in rose shades. The sleeves are tight fitting and open part the way up with three scalloped and crocheted buttons. It's a mighty smart little affair.

Did I tell you Argyle G., who lives in Atlanta, has just sent me the cunningest possum charm? You know, these animals are the mascots of the Fat administration, the "Bill" possum having superseded the "Teddy" bear. A Georgia woman, Mrs. De Forest Algood, has gone into the possum making business and is coining money and fame.

Went you go into trade with MABEL?

SAW THE GHOST.

A Story That Stood the Test of a Court of Law.

As a circumstantial ghost story and one that stood the cold scrutiny of a court of law Booty's case is without a parallel. This date given is 1888, when Mrs. Booty brought an action for slander against one Captain Barnaby for what he had said of her late husband.

According to an extract from a journal produced in court, dated Friday, May 15, 1887, the captain on that day went ashore with a large party of friends to shoot rabbits upon Stromboli, the island off Italy, which from its ever burning crater, is called "the lighthouse of the Mediterranean." At about 3:30 in the afternoon two men were seen running toward the volcano, which was emitting flames. Captain Barnaby then exclaimed, "Lord bless me, the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor." They then vanished in the flames, a fact of which every one present took note.

Upon Captain Barnaby's return to England he learned that "old Booty" had died just about the time of the strange occurrence at Stromboli. He then made the remark which was the subject of the action, that he "had seen old Booty running into the flames of hell pursued by the devil." Mrs. Booty claimed £10,000 as damages, and the case came on in the king's bench before the chief justice, Sir Robert Wright. For the defense, in addition to the testimony of Captain Barnaby and his friends, old Booty's clothes were brought into court and identified by several witnesses as being similar to those worn by the foremost man who ran into the crater—even to the peculiar buttons on the coat. The judge was so impressed by this evidence that he said: "Lord have mercy upon me and grant that I may never see what you have seen. One, two or three may be mistaken, but not thirty." And so Booty's widow lost the day, and the case remains, perhaps, as the only judicially accepted ghost story on record.—London Chronicle.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Medical Beautifier.



THE CHAMPLAIN ODE.

Written by Bliss Carmen and Read in Burlington To-day.

Burlington, July 8.—The Champlain ode written by Bliss Carmen and delivered at the Champlain tercentenary in this city to-day was as follows:

When the sweet summer days
Come to New England, and the south
Wind plays
Over the forests, and the tall tulip trees
Lift up their chalices
Of delicate orange green
Against the blue serene;
When the chestnut crowns are full of
flowers,
And the long hours
Are not too long
For the oriole's song;
When the wild roses blow
In blueberry pastures, and the Bobwhite's
note
Calls us away
On the happy trail where every heart
must go;
When the white clouds float
Through an ampler day,
And the old sea lies mystical blue once
more

Along a pilgrim shore,
Crouching to stone-fenced pastures sweet
with fern
Tales of the long ago and the far away;
And when to the hemlock solitudes re-
turn
The gold-voiced thrushes, and the high
beach woods
Ring with enchantment as the twilight
falls;

Among the darkening hills;
And the new moonlight fills
The world with beauty and the soul with
peace
And infinite release;
Is there any land that history recalls
Bestowed by gods on mortals anywhere
More goodly than New England or more
fair?

On such a day three hundred years ago
By toilsome trails and slow,
But with the adventurer's spirit all
afire,
The great discoverer came,
To reward his daring quest.
And fill the wonder-world of romance,
The sailor of little Brouage, the founder
of New France,
Sturdy, sagacious, plain
Samuel de Champlain.

On many a river and stream
The paddles of his Algonkian dip and
dash,
Their slim canoe poles set and flash in
the sun.
Where strong white waters run;
By many a portage, many a wooded
shore,
They press on to explore
The unknown that leads them ever to
glory.

And when at dusk their camp is made
Within the dense still shade,
The white shafts of the moonlight creep
About them while they sleep
On the earth's fragrant and untroubled
breast.

Then on a day upon some granite rise
They stand in mute surprise,
And wonder, as they gaze
On the green wilderness in summer haze,
At a new paradise
Unrolled before their eyes.

What did he seek,
This hardy voyager with the steady
hand,
And the sunburnt cheek?
Passage to India and the fabled land
So longed for and foretold,
Where rivers ran with gold,
Man's fond ray hope of unlabored ease,
Miraculous wealth and benefits unearned,
For which he vainly yearned.

He found here no such place,
But in this new world again was face to
face
With life's familiar laws and orders old,
Still to be followed, if we would fill the
mould

Of our ideal—a manhood that is free
With the soul's large and happy liberty.
As if God said to man,
"Try once again my plan.
Here is a continent all new,
Take it and see once more what thou
canst do.

The happiness which they stormy heart
desires,
My will foresees, requires,
On the long road that lies
Across the centuries
To my perfection dimly understood,
Seek thou the almighty good,
The everlasting, beautiful and true."

Men of New England, sons of pioneers,
And in your birthright peers
Of the world's masters, this is holy soil,
The divine ancestral dust from which
we come,
Bringing our dreams of justice, the high
thought
Of a pure freedom for which our mothers
wrought
In dreamlike pride,
And our fathers lived and died
With unselfish toil.

Even as they willed,
We too must toil to build
The ideal state,
Which shall be strong without brutality,
And by its fine humanity be great.

This is no fairland,
No Eldorado planned
For our salvation. The law runs forth
and back,
Immutable as the sun on his sidereal
track,
Beneficent and profound:
Only with labor comes ease,
Only with wisdom comes joy,
And greatness comes not without love.

This is God's garden ground,
And we are the tillers thereof,
And the crop shall be women and men,
As ever of old.
Not a pale city breed,
Dread between hunger and a red,
But a new comic race,
With the poise of the world in its mien,
The ineffable soul in its face,
Remembering the best that has been
And its password, "The best that can
be!"

No Mesopotamian valley, nor Eden age,
Is the place, is the time,
For the birth of the sublime,
The lovely and the same,
But the time is now, and the place is
here.

For the life divine,
In July of the year
Nineteen hundred and nine,
In the country of Champlain.

Habitual Constipation

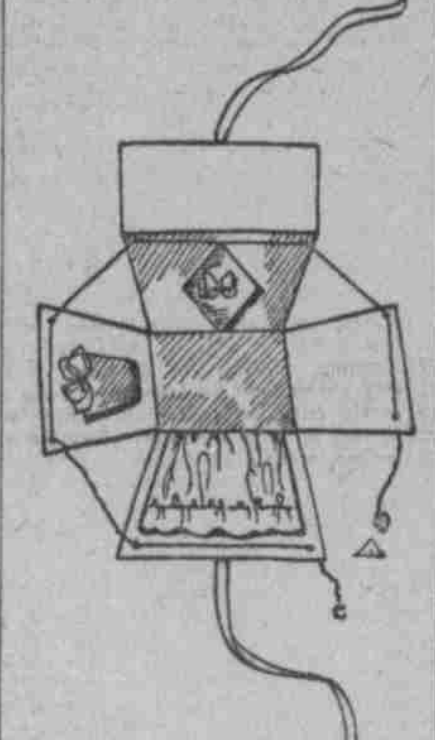
May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get beneficial effects always buy the genuine, MANUFACTURED BY DR. J. C. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. ONE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

GOING AWAY GIFTS.

Set of Cushions For Steamer Chair Folding Workbox.

Of the making of bugs there would seem to be no end in these days of revived interest in practical needlework, and some recent productions in this line are worthy of special reference. A few of them are here pictured, fashioned from denim or cretonne in striking looking floral patterns.

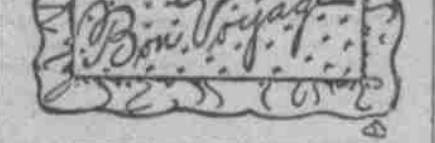
The laundry bag made of heavy denim in a serviceable shade of blue differs from the usual collection of such



receptacles by reason of the extension piece at the back, which permits of the bag being hung against the wall for its full width. This is a practical arrangement and effectually discounts the old time laundry holder with a drawstring at the top.

There are two new workboxes in flowered cretonne—one in the shape of a fetching little chafing dish apron, with a hoop handle, and the other the conventional shirred type except for the outside pocket, which is an added convenience.

The regulation steamer cushion, with its familiar "Bon Voyage" inscription, has not lost prestige, but it is supplemented by a set of cushions connected by straps of self material and designed for the back and seat of the chair, with



loops to slip over the frame at the top. These cushions may be folded up when not in use and occupy but a small space in the trunk.

The folding scrap basket has been the boon of the traveler, and now comes a folding work box or basket covered with cretonne in a pretty design. The customary pockets and straps are attached to the basket, and the illustration shows the basket folded and open.

Apple Superstition. The ruddy winter apple is much used as a lover's test. Roman lovers used to take an apple pip between their fingers and thumb and shoot it up to the ceiling. If the pip reached its destination it was regarded as a sign that their love was returned. Another method once much used was to throw the pip into the fire, uttering the beloved one's name. If the pip burst with a loud report it was a good sign, but the love would not last long if the pip burst silently.

Many rustic lovers used to place the pipe upon their closed eyelids. If the pipe dropped when their eyes were opened it denoted unfaithfulness. Swiss maidens often follow the following custom: They buy an apple from an aged widow—the uglier she is the better—and eat half of it with a salted herring just before the mystic hour of midnight. The other half of the apple they place beneath their pillow, and prophetic dreams are sure to follow.

Ominous Outlook. "Well, anything new lately?" inquired the just arrived washing machine agent as he hopped on to the porch of the Skeedes tavern.

"Well, no, not worth mentioning, I guess," replied the landlord. "Things is kinda slow just now, and— But, do, come to think, three people were bit by a pet squirrel last week, and considerable fear is expressed that they may go nutty."—Puck.

USED FIRE SEA TO SEA

Prisoner Tells Remarkable Tale of Exploits as Incendiary

GIVES HIMSELF UP HERE

James Hunter Wright Committed to the Tombs in Default of \$10,000 Bail as a Self-confessed Firebug After Waiving Examination.

New York, July 8.—Based on a confession said to have been made in the presence of Assistant District Attorney Turnbull and Fire Marshal David Kelly, James Hunter Wright as his own accuser was arraigned on a charge of arson, second degree, before Magistrate Crane in the Tombs police court yesterday and waived examination. Wright was held in \$10,000 bail and committed to the Tombs. The case will probably be presented to the grand jury. The maximum penalty for the crime charged is twenty-five years.

The case surprised the district attorney's office and the magistrate. "This is the most marvelous thing in my long experience as a magistrate," remarked the court as he signed the commitment.

"Have you anything to say?" asked Magistrate Crane. "Not unless it is necessary," replied the defendant.

Apparently it was not necessary. Wright is only 34 years old. By his own alleged admission he has left a blazing trail, not only here in New York, but in Providence, Quebec, and away off in Spokane. His predicament might also be termed an awakening.

In the last year Wright's jet black hair has turned gray. His closely cropped mustache is nearly white. He wears eyeglasses with powerful lenses. Wright wears a matty gray suit, and carried nervously a conventional soft hat much affected by Westerners and men in the South.

Wright's conscience has been a faithful monitor, it appears, and finally wound up in a remarkable psychological struggle for the mastery. The influence of a religious family had its effect upon him. It was not easy for him to forget the glare and the blaze in the night. His guilt stood out and threatened his peace of mind. From a robust man he was reduced to a spare, shivering creature. And two weeks ago he broke down his reserve and admitted his troubles to his cousin, Alexander Fisher. There was a long conference, and the two men sat up late in the night in the house at 460 West Twenty-third street, where for more than a year Wright had made his home with the Fisher family.

It was Mr. Fisher who suggested that Wright take into his confidence a certain Episcopalian pastor whose name neither Mr. Fisher nor the district attorney will make public. It is said that the clergyman gave Wright comforting advice, but Mr. Fisher asserted yesterday morning that the preacher did not counsel the penitent to surrender to the authorities. There were many talks between the two cousins, and finally with a light heart and a restful mind Wright came to the office of acting District Attorney Nathan Smyth and repeated his life story. Mr. Smyth became interested in the man more than the tale. The man who accused himself of one of the most serious crimes on the statute books of any state in the union was turned over to Assistant District Attorney Turnbull, who also had his misgivings. For the first time in the history of the office such a story was heard in the criminal courts building.

But Wright was acting in good faith. He said he was there to admit his guilt and pay the debt demanded by the law as due to society.

The crime for which Wright is held for the grand jury concerns a fire at 2291 Broadway, which occurred on Dec. 26, 1905. There was a \$3,000 loss, and according to the records of the fire marshal's office, there was no suspicion attached to the occupants of the building, which is also the top. The concern dealt in art objects and the blaze was discovered in the filing cabinet. There was nothing more heard of the blaze after the fire horses got back to their stations.

It now turns out that the concern had not made any money during the holidays. It had received large credit with an advertising concern, which was after its money. It develops, according to the alleged story of Wright, that to close up shop was the best way out of the middle, and the quickest medium was a fire.

Then, according to the remarkable statement on file in the district attorney's office, Wright and another person went over to Providence after the books of accounts had been shipped to the Rhode Island city. It was not long before the Providence fire department put out a blaze in Wright's shop. Only \$200 was collected on the insurance. Wright then, with a second person, set up business in Quebec. But the old town was slow for Wright's wares in the art line.

WELCOMED WORDS TO WOMEN Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trade with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.—take the advice received and be well.

THE NAME

On any package is a guarantee of HIGH MERIT.

All of RYDALE'S REMEDIES are the Prescriptions of Eminent Specialists or long tried Recipes, Compounded from the Purest Drugs by SKILLED CHEMISTS.

We call Especial Attention to the following, all of which are sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE.

RYDALE'S COUGH ELIXIR For Chronic Coughs, Bronchitis and Consumption.

RYDALE'S STOMACH TABLETS For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

RYDALE'S LIVER TABLETS For Chronic Constipation and Torpid Liver.

RYDALE'S KIDNEY REMEDY For all diseases of Kidneys and Bladder.

RYDALE'S CATARRH REMEDY The only absolute cure for Catarrh in the head, ever discovered.

The Rydale Remedy Company, Newport News, Va.

C. H. KENDRICK & CO., Barre, Vt. WM. N. McENANY, Williamstown, Vt.

It's a long jump to Spokane, Wash., but Wright and another went out there and obtained a large bill of goods on credit. Here the stuff sold fast and Wright et al. beat the town and left the creditors in the hole.

Then there was a flight across the continent to the East, and Wright et al. settled down in Amesbury, Mass. It was art, but not for art's sake. After three crawling months the red-shirted smoke-arters got out of bed and pulled pumps and hose to a certain art studio. Those volunteers worked very hard for the fun of the thing. They don't have many blazes in Amesbury.

Back in 1907 Wright made a silent return to New York. For a while he made a living serving civil processes for law firms. He tried his hand at various lines of work, and when a lucrative position with a big company here in town was possible for him to obtain, Wright, knowing that his fire had escaped the suspecting eyes of the police, readily furnished names of business concerns in the cities he had visited as references. There was an explosion of some sort came off in Spokane and word was sent on here that Wright had left the West under a cloud. Wright did not get the job. This was two weeks ago.

According to Mr. Fisher, who was in court yesterday morning, Wright was left an orphan when nine years old. Mr. Fisher's father, who is a clergyman, took the boy into his own home at the parsonage and educated him. Young Wright started in studying civil engineering, and in 1895 he became acquainted with a man named Harvey in Shelburne, Mass. Nine years later, in 1904, the two friends went into business as the "Art Collection Society of New York," up at 2291 Broadway. On the day after Christmas, 1905, the fire started, and Wright became a wanderer.

The statute of limitations covering arson is five years, so that if Wright could have kept his conscience in training for two more Christmas days, the law would have sternly refused to hearken to a plea of guilt, no matter how piteously the penitent begged to be locked up and punished for his sins.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, was PERFECT SUCCESSFUL in soothing the CHILD, SOOTHES the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Beware of cheap imitations under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Retail Number 100, 9 AN OLD AND WELL TESTED REMEDY.

The Sighting Swain. They say that seeing back is a kiss To mingle danger with the bliss. Try to kiss Molly, though, and you'll Not catch the smallest molecule.

She will decline the kiss in terms That never even mention germs. Pray tell me, sage of cut and school, What molecule makes Molly cool?

—Chicago News.

The Inevitable Consideration. "What's the talk of a free breakfast table?" asked Meandering Mike. "It's another political dream," answered Plodding Pete. "It's something that'll never happen as long as dere's wood to be chopped."—Wash.ington Star.

Slightly Mixed. It was the final day of school, And the friends of Willie Wise Were cut in force, expecting in See Willie swipe the prize.

When Willie stood up to recite He said, with outstretched hands, "Under the spreading blacksmith tree The village chestnut stands!"

—Chicago News.

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